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pretty creatures of their load of wool, by cutting it off, which they call *sheering*. They have been just now sheered, and see how they skip and play about, just like a little boy, who has pulled off his coat, in order to be more active at some favourite sport.

It is a pity, that these pretty creatures must be delivered into the hands of the butcher, whose unrelenting knife will soon put an end to their lives; and yet this must be the case, or else we should have neither mutton nor lamb to eat, we should have no parchment to write on, nor to cover your drum, nor leather for the binding of your large books. Parchment and leather are both produced from the skins of sheep, and there is nothing belonging to this innocent animal but what turns to some account or other.

The wool of these sheep, my dear children, is very valuable indeed, and produces what people call the staple commodity of the kingdom; that is, it af-

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fords one of the principal articles we send to foreign countries, and such as those countries can get no where else. This wool also finds employment for a vast number of people; through whose hands it passes, till it at last comes upon your back, to preserve you from the effects of heat and cold. It is by spinning this wool that your old neighbour, Goody Trusty, gets her living, and not only keeps beggary from her door, but even seems chearful, happy, and contented.

When Goody Trusty has spun it, it is then called *worsted*; and then the weaver takes it in hand, and makes cloth of it for mens clothes, flannels, blankets, stockings, gloves, and a variety of other articles: so that we may justly be said to receive food and raiment from these innocent pretty creatures.

When you consider how serviceable these innocent sheep are to us, I am sure you will both think it a pity that they should be killed; and yet, if they were
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